

THE
C O B L E R
OF
CASTLEBURY.

K
A
MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

L O N D O N :

Sold by G. KEARSLEY, No. 46, FLEET-STREET.

Price ONE SHILLING.



DEDICATION.

TO

MISS THALIA.

(WITHOUT PERMISSION.)

MADAM,

IT must afford infinite pleasure to every lover of the Drama, that your Ladyship is so far recovered from that hypochondriac disorder (which, for these several years past, preyed on your Ladyship's mind,) as to recal *Wit* and *Humour* from their involuntary exile.

The restoration of your Ladyship's health, was entirely owing to the specifics administered to your Ladyship by the late Drs. *Foote*, *Garrick*, and *Goldsmith*; and the present Drs. *Colman*, *Sheridan*, and *Murphy*.

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All their joint efforts were for a long time baffled, by your Ladyship's swallowing those *sentimental* and *soporiferous potions*, prescribed to you by a few quacks, who endeavoured to persuade your Ladyship, that a dejection of spirits was more agreeable to your nature, than mirth and hilarity.

Your Ladyship will oblige many of your admirers, if you will inform your Ladyship's sister, Miss *Melpomene*, that she has been in a visible *decline* during the greatest part of this century, entirely owing to her unskilful and *unfeeling* emperics, who, in attempting to restore your sister to her pristine beauty, have reduced her to a mere skeleton.

Her distemper not being so easily cured as your Ladyship's, she had better, in the mean time, discard those quacks who poison her with their heterogeneous compositions; and wait with patience till Dame *Nature* sends her some more able physicians to cleanse her of all impurities, and re-adorn her in the robes of true grandeur, tenderness and sublimity.

I most humbly beg your Ladyship's pardon for dedicating this after-piece to you, without obtaining your Ladyship's permission; but I assure your Ladyship, that I would have waited on you in person, had I not heard of your Ladyship's being so busy at present in *Queen-street* and *Soho-square*, that no one could get an audience of you.

The

D E D I C A T I O N.

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The *Cobler of Castlebury* being my first Dramatic Essay, I hope your Ladyship will so far patronize it, as to infuse an ample portion of candour and good nature into the breasts of the audience, to fit it out with patience; and, (if it has the least ray of merit) save it from the claws of his most infernal majesty, who hovers about a Theatre, at the representation of every new piece, eager to devour it, as vultures do over a field of battle,

Being hastily got up for a Benefit, and preceded by no less than three of your favourites, all of established merit, the mind must be so considerably jaded with mirth, ere the poor *Cobler* makes his appearance, as greatly to diminish the effect he otherwise might have had.

The characters are all *low*, and whatever humour it is possessed of, likewise *low*; but if it creates any laughter in the audience, and your Ladyship patronizes it, the end is fully answered by,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's

Most sincere Admirer,

The AUTHOR;

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
BUREAU OF LAND MANAGEMENT
WASHINGTON, D. C.
OFFICE OF THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY
FOR LAND MANAGEMENT
WASHINGTON, D. C.

MEMORANDUM FOR THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY
FOR LAND MANAGEMENT
SUBJECT: [Illegible]

1. [Illegible]

2. [Illegible]

3. [Illegible]

4. [Illegible]

[Illegible signature]

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

LAPSTONE, <i>a Cobbler,</i>	Mr. WILSON.
BLUFF, <i>a Sergeant,</i>	Mr. J. WILSON.
RAWBOY, <i>a Country Lad,</i>	Mr. WEWITZER.

W O M E N.

KATE, <i>Wife to Lapstone, and</i> <i>Sister to Rawboy</i>	} Mrs. MORTON.
NANCY, <i>Wife to Bluff,</i>	
	Mrs. WILSON.



T H E
COBLER OF CASTLEBURY.

O V E R T U R E. S H I E L D.

A C T I.

Scene the COBLER'S House. LAPSTONE, Sergeant BLUFF and RAWBOY discovered at a Table, with a Bowl and Glasses before them. LAPSTONE and BLUFF smoaking.

A I R I. G E H O T.

LAPSTONE.

*T H E R E's nought can surpass
The power of the glass ;
And the joys of the big-belly'd bowl :
The old it makes young ;
To the dumb gives a tongue ;
And drives sorrow and care from the soul.*

BLUFF.

*It makes virgins kind,
And ope their young mind ;
Throw old-fashion'd virtue away :
It invigorates youth ;
Bids the parson speak truth :
Ev'n o'er all mankind bears its sway.*

B

RAWBOY.

The C O B L E R

RAWBOY.

*It makes Rawboy forget
His dear, dear little Bet,
'And follow the drum and the fife:
The glass and the gold
Doth make me feel bold;
'And, ecod, I'm a king's man for life!*

BLUFF.

*We'll laugh, drink, and sing;
And fight for our king.
Then fill up a bumper all round:
May each jolly chum,
Who follows the drum,
Be with riches and glory soon crown'd.*

RAW. Ecod, Sergeant, I hope so too; and that, ere long, I'll be a corporal at the head of a regiment!

BLUFF. A corporal! a colonel you mean. For my part, I expect to see you a general---Field-marshal Rawboy! what a fine warlike sounding name you've got. 'Ant he a well-made, handsome young fellow Lapstone?

LAP. Why, Sergeant, to say truth, although I'm sew'd to his sister, he's a bit of pretty good leather I believe; none of your slop-work: he's well tann'd, and neatly made; but 'tis a devilish pity his quarters we're nor cut a little longer.

BLUFF. Pho, pho, that's no fault: 'tis not always your largest swords or heaviest metal that do the greatest execution; for my part I look upon Rawboy to be a short six; and pray what does more mischief in the day of battle than a short six, Lapstone?

LAP. Short six! faith Sergeant he's little more than five, or I'm devilishly out in my measure. How many feet do you measure, Rawboy?

RAW-

RAW. Last Easter I was five feet four inches and three quarters by Joe the waggoner's whip; but mayhap I'm grown since, and, as the Sergeant says, may be naw a short fix.

BLUFF. I mean pounders, ye boobies!

RAW. Pounds! la, Sergeant, what a good guesser you are! Brother Lapstone, as I live, I was yesterday in old Huckster's scales, and weighed exactly twelve stone, six pounds, baiting a quarter of an ounce.

BLUFF. Ye ignorant clodhoppers! Why Lapstone, I can excuse Rawboy for not understanding me; but you that have been in the militia not to know what a six pounder is!

LAP. I understand you now, Sergeant; but not by being in the militia: what the devil have they to do with cannon! I was in the western division of the Middlesex for three years, and, during all that time, I never had the sight of any, excepting two that I saw on an expedition up the river, plac'd as lamp-posts before my Lord Spindle's great gate.

[Falls drowsy.]

BLUFF. Lamp-posts! psha! but was you never at Coxheath, or at Warley? there you would have seen the short fixes, and the long fixes at the head of every corps!

RAW. Lard, Sergeant, it must be a woundy fine show, to see the great cannons and the little cannons, and the guns, and the swords, all firing at the French! I wish I was at Warley!

BLUFF. Give me your hand, Rawboy! I foresee as clear as I see this glafs, that you'll one day be a great man. I'll promote you to the rank of corporal in a few weeks after you've join'd the regiment! Can you write?

(During this the Cobler is falling asleep with the pipe in his mouth.)

RAW. Can I write! I, that I can, Sergeant, as well as any in Castlebury; and count too---I've kept mother's 'counts for more than eight years, and in all that time never *chalk'd* a pint of ale or glass of gin too much or too little.

BLUFF. (*Stifling a laugh*) What an excellent scholar you must be! You'll be an honour to your king and country. But can't you write with any thing else than chalk?

RAW. Can I not! I, that I can, both with pencil and with charcoal; and mayhap with pen too, when put to the push.

BLUFF. Lapstone! here's a brother for you! What! falling asleep! (*Strikes him on the shoulder.*)

LAP. Holloa! What! Sergeant! (*Rubbing his eyes.*)

BLUFF. Why, Lapstone, 'tis too soon yet to make an expedition to the land of Nod: beat up your quarters man, and drink about. Keep your peepers open, like a jolly sportsman, that scorns to sleep when the game is in view; and I'll sing you a song, which will describe to you the joys of the chace,

A I R II. SHIELD.*

*The blush of Aurora now tinges the morn,
And dew-drops bespangles the sweet-scented thorn,
Then sound, brother sportsman, sound the gay horn,
 'Till Phæbus awakens the day:
And see now he rises in splendor how bright,
I O Pæan for Phæbus the god of delight,
All glorious in beauty now banishes night,
 Then mount boys, to horse and away.*

* The words by Mr. Hartley—and, by his permission sung in this piece,—From Shield's collection of songs.

OF CASTLEBURY.

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II.

*What raptures can equal the joys of the chase;
Health, bloom, and contentment appear in each face,
And in our swift coursers what beauty and grace,
 Whilst we the swift stag do pursue:
At the deep and harmonious sweet cry of the hounds,
Wing'd by terror he bursts through the forests wide bounds,
And tho' like the light'ning he darts o'er the grounds,
 Yet still boys we keep him in view.*

III.

*When chac'd 'till quite spent, he his life does resign,
Our victim we'll offer to Bacchus' shrine,
And revel in honour of Nimrod divine,
 That hunter so mighty of fame:
Our glasses then charge to our country and king.
Love and beauty we'll fill to, and jovially sing,
Wishing health and success, till we make the house ring,
 To all sportsmen and sons of the game.*

LAP. That's a most excellent song, Sergeant;
but faith you've almost sew'd me up. Rawboy,
where's your sister Kate all this while? Go call her.
(Exit Rawboy.)

In troth, Sergeant, this enlisting bowl of Rawboy's
has made me both tipsy and sleepy; for I feel the
upper-leathers of my eyes begin to be devilish heavy.

Enter KATE and RAWBOY.

Well, Kate, sit down. Will you have glass this
afternoon?

KATE. You know, my dear, I never drink any
thing but tea, or toast and water.

LAP.

LAP. Tea! D'ye hear that, Sergeant? Nothing will fit Dick Lapstone, the Cobler's wife, but tea, forsooth.

BLUFF. O, by all means, Lapstone, I think you are very happy in having a wife that drinks nothing stronger than tea. I wish every man's wife was like your's, my pocket would be fuller prim'd, and my knapsack better loaded than they are at present, I believe. *(Aside.)*

RAW. Why, sister, you may drink one glass, if it is only for thy brother Rawboy's sake, and wish that he may be a colonel.

KATE. A colonel!--a carman rather. I am sure none that know you will wet their cheeks for your departure.

BLUFF. O do not speak so to your brother---for he'll be an honour to your family---I am certain his abilities will soon exalt him.

KATE. Yes---to the halberds, perhaps.

LAP. Why, look you Kate; perhaps, if I am waxed to it, I can be a bit of as cross-grain'd stuff as yourself---so be quiet---let your brother be at rest for one night, and since you wont drink you shall sing, that's flat.

RAW. Ecod, Sergeant, she's got as fine a pipe as any of your raree-show folks; tho'f she's an ill-natured toad at times.

BLUFF. Pray do, ma'am, oblige me with a song. She looks devilish inviting. *(Aside.)*

KATE. Sir, to oblige you, and obey my husband, I'll endeavour to entertain you as well as I can.

LAP. Aye, now, that's like a good girl, Kate. Give me the favourite song that Sukey Sugar-lips brought from London---its chanted by all the great folks there, Sergeant, who say it's devilish good; now for my part, I think it damn'd unnatural squalling stuff; but rasp it away, Kate.

A I R

Of CASTLEBURY.

A I R II. SHIELD.

KATE.

*One day I spy'd a little boy
A fishing by a river's side;
I gave him every childish toy
To soothe and dry soft sorrow's tide.*

*I clasp'd him in my virgin arms;
His head lay on my swelling breast:
I never saw before such charms
As that bewitching heav'nly guest.*

*He told me Cupid was his name,
Now harmless as the turtle dove;
For all his darts had lost their aim,
As I had chain'd the god of love.*

*I promised to set him free,
If that my Damon he'd ensnare;
He soon sweet Damon join'd to me;
And we now live a happy pair.*

(Lapstone falls asleep repeating the last
line of the air.)

BLUFF. What the devil!--does your enchanting
voice drive his senses into winter quarters? I'll
wake him.

KATE.

KATE. O, no, Sir---let him have a little nap---'twill be of service to him---But pray, Sergeant what is become of Mrs. Bluff? I expected to have had the pleasure of her company this afternoon.

BLUFF. She'll be here presently, Ma'am---Odso, I've a good mind to storm this beautiful little fort---I think I can force it to surrender. (*Aside.*) That's well thought of; Rawboy, you'll deliver this letter instantly to the Captain---and if you should meet my Nancy, tell her that she must go along with you for his linen; as he ordered her to call for them about this time.

RAW. I wull, Sargant.

[*Exit Rawboy.*]

KATE. I'm sure, Sergeant, you'll never make any thing of that wooden-headed oaf.

BLUFF. O, yes, Ma'am, I always prefer such rough unpolished lads as Rawboy, to your conceited half-bred fellows; and I am sure if he ever attains even to a twentieth part of the good sense of his sister, he'll be a clever fellow.

KATE. I am proud of your good opinion of me, Mr. Sergeant; but you gentlemen of the army are very apt to flatter us women.

BLUFF. Flatter you, Madam!----no----would to heaven that fortune had been so indulgent as allotted you to have been my comrade for life! O, my dear Mrs. Lapstone, you have been long the first in my muster-roll of beauties! I have been in the East Indies as well as the West; and upon my soul, my dear Ma'am, I never reconnoitred so fine a fort in all the marches I have made, as your dear self!

KATE. O ho!---This is what I long suspected---The Sergeant, like a brave soldier, I see, makes an attack on every woman he thinks agreeable---but I'll humour him a little. (*Aside.*) O, Sir, you make
me

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me too many compliments!---You gentlemen are so agreeable!---Could I think you spoke truth!---

BLUFF. Truth! I am true as a rifle-barrel gun; but my dear charming woman! I leave to your dear self the terms of capitulation.

KATE. Hush, hush! don't be so violent in your speeches; you don't consider that you'll awake my husband; and I assure you, Mr. Sergeant, he'll soon force me to surrender, on any terms he thinks proper.

BLUFF. O my dear angel, one salute I beg of you!

(As Bluff kisses Mrs. Lapstone, the Cobbler gives a yawn, which disconcerts them, and they stand at a considerable distance from each other.)

LAP. *(Sings as in his sleep.)* "Happy pair! happy pair!" *(Mutters.)* Drink about, drink about, Sergeant, it's good rum---rum---'twon't hurt you---'twon't hurt you---do it---do it.

(After this, the Sergeant seeing the Cobbler is fast asleep attempts, in dumb show, to kiss Mrs. Lapstone again.)

BLUFF. Now, my dear Mrs. Lapstone, I'm sure you won't refuse me another, as your husband gives his consent. *(Kisses her.)* 'Sdeath, I am all afire! I'm blown up! Now's the moment for giving the *coup de main*, my charming Mrs. Lapstone!

KATE. *(Aside.)* I believe this is carrying the joke a little too far; but I'll make an appointment with him, and then tell my husband of it. Hold, hold, Sergeant, you're too sudden in your attacks; make your approaches more regularly and coolly; for fear I may spring a mine, and force you to raise the siege.

BLUFF. Egad that's true. *(Aside.)* I surrender, my dear, to your superior skill; but when will be the happy moment? O tell me speedily! keep me not long on the bayonet of suspense, I beseech you.

C

KATE.

KATE. You don't consider, Mr. Bluff, that your wife will be here just now---be calm; be advised; restrain your passion: My husband is going out in a little about some business; and I'll take care that your wife shan't stay long: meet me here in an hour, and then I hope every thing will be agreeable.

BLUFF. O my adorable, my dearest creature!---dispose of me as you please; my heart's your prisoner, and I cannot march a foot without your permission; but my life! my soul! do not expose yourself to the hazards of delay---let the present moment decide the contest.

KATE. No, no, Mr. Sergeant, I'll keep my word; and you may depend upon my punctuality.---Soft! I am afraid he's awaking.

(Going near her husband, who yawns.)

BLUFF. 'Tis a flash in the pan, my dear. *(Looking at him.)* He's fast again; and snoars as musically as an unbrac'd drum of a wet morning. The present moment, my dear, is ours, the next our enemy's.

A I R IV. TRIO. SHIELD.

BLUFF, (taking her round the waist.)

*Shoot time as it flies ;
Enjoy the present hour ;
For those bright eyes
Have all-conquering pow'r !
Delay,
Breeds dismay,
Breeds doubts, breeds fear----*

LAP. (in his sleep.)

*Don't be afraid---do it---my dear---
'Twon't hurt you---
'Twon't hurt you---
Do it---my dear----*

BLUFF. *I'm all in a flame---
She's 'most overcome :*

KATE. *Let go---O for shame !* (Bluff kisses Kate.)

LAP. *That's rum---that's rum---*

KATE. *Away,
Don't stay---*

BLUFF. *Follow love, my sweet fair---*

LAP. *Do it---do it---happy pair !---*

*Don't be afraid--- (Bluff kisses
Don't be afraid--- Kate again.)
Happy pair !*

(After the song, Nancy, the sergeant's wife, is coming in, but seeing her husband having his hand around Kate's waist, she starts back in a great fury.)

NAN,

11 *The* C O B L E R

NAN. Mighty fine! mighty fine!--this is the modest, virtuous Kate Lapstone! O, I could tear her eyes out! what a stupid, tasteless, ungrateful fellow he is---to prefer such a dowdy as her, to me, Nancy Bluff! but I'll restrain my passion, and hear what the wretches have to say to one another.

(During Nancy's speech Kate observes her.)

KATE. O ho, Mrs. Bluff; now I'm resolved to have a little sport. *(Aside.)* Let me go, my dear. *(To Bluff.)*

NAN. My dear! O the brazen-fac'd slut!

(Biting her fingers.)

BLUFF. My adorable Mrs. Lapstone! do, let us have a walk then for half an hour, 'till you husband awakes.

NAN. O the monster! my dear! my adorable! O, the unconscionable fellow! can't he be content with one woman? *(Cries.)*

KATE. With all my heart; but I can't stay long.

BLUFF. This is so kind, my sweet angel! Had I been enlisted for life to you, my dear, instead of that jade Nancy, what a loving couple we would have been.

(Exeunt Bluff and Kate, with his hand round her waist.)

NAN. I'll go mad! I'll send the drums after them: O the traitor! false to my bed! Was it for this I made interest with Capt. Spontoona to make him his sergeant? was it for this I fill'd his knapsack with the captain's shirts and stockings? Must my hands be in the wash-tub all day, toiling for a villain that deceiv's me! that despises me!

AIR V. SHIELD.

NANCY.

*But I scorn him ! I scorn him !
 Reveng'd I'll be,
 Reveng'd I'll be,
 Reveng'd I'll be---I'll horn him !
 And then with pleasure die !*

*My heart will break,
 My heart will break !
 O heigh ! O heigh ! O heigh ! O heigh !
 No, no, no, I will not cry :
 O heigh !
 No, no, no, I will not cry.*

(Lapstone gives a snore, at which she turns and sees him asleep in the chair.)

O thou poor contented cuckold!--His horns are too heavy for his head---his horns!--his horns ! Dont I feel my own!--Oh ! I'll follow them, raise the town, and set the dogs after them.

LAP. (*Yawns.*) Kate---wh -at a cl--ock is it ?

NAN. I'll awake him---I'll tell him all---No, no, no, I'll be reveng'd another way ; the captain shall know his treachery, and turn him into the ranks again.

LAP. (*Awaking*) Holloa!--K--ate !

NAN.

NAN. (*Going up to Lapstone*) I'll blow the horns of cuckoldom in his ears---no---he's got no courage---he dare not even beat his wife, unless he is drunk.

LAP. (*Yawning, rubbing his eyes, and rising off the chair*) O that rum's play'd the devil with my head-piece---I'm (*Yawns*) I'm sure I shan't wear long---I'm a rotten hide, I believe, and shall soon be brought to my end. What, Mrs. Bluff! how goes it? how goes it? egad, you look as neat and as fine this afternoon as a new seal-skin pump---let me taste your head, my dear. (*Kisses her.*)

NAN. Well, I'll be reveng'd (*Aside.*) What would your wife say if she saw this, Mr. Lapstone---I suppose she'd pull my cap off?

LAP. She!--a piece of cow-skin!--no, no, my dear, (*kisses her again.*) egad this does me more service than beating about the glass.

(*Attempting to kiss her again.*)

NAN. Are you mad, or drunk, or what's the matter with you? consider where you are--if your wife or my husband should see this!--I never saw you so before.

LAP. Odso, where is Kate? (*calls aloud.*) Kate!

NAN. (*Aside.*) Shall I tell him---no, no---then I might lose my revenge---She's gone out a little, but will be back in half an hour.

LAP. And where is Bluff and Rawboy?

NAN. With the captain, I believe.

LAP. Half an hour! (*musings*) My dear Mrs. Bluff, I have long gazed on you as the prize-shoe of beauty, and I wish that heaven had been so kind as to have entwin'd you with me for life; for your bewitching looks and sweet company have given me quite new soul; and if you do not speedily wax loving and pity me, you'll draw poor Lapstone to his last!

NAN.

NAN. (*Aside.*) This will be tit for tat, I think—
Could I believe you, Mr. Lapstone!

LAP. Believe me, my dear Mrs. Bluff! Doth
rosin melt? Doth calf-skin wear well? O, could
you see the inside of my soul, you'd find me as just
and true as a new-made shoe, as kind and agreeable
as a half-wore pump.

NAN. You men are so apt to deceive!

LAP. (*Taking hold of her.*) My lovely Mrs. Bluff,
let us bring it this moment to an end!

NAN. No, no, Mr. Lapstone, this is a very im-
proper moment; your brother, wife, and my hus-
band, will be here speedily; any other time I shall
be happy in your company.

LAP. Shall you, my dearest!---Will you meet
me here in an hour, and I'll take care to have them
all out of the way?

NAN. You may depend upon me, Mr. Lapstone;
for you are so very agreeable!

LAP. Do you think so!---those words have drawn
from my heart the pairing-knife of despair, and I
am now quite happy.

AIR

AIR VI. DUET. SHIELD.*

NAN. *Farewell, my Lapstone, pray be true,
Nor give me the least cause to rue;
For Nancy you will always find
A girl affectionate and kind.*

LAP. *I'll be sincere,
My dearest dear!
Nor never you betray.*

NAN. *On lovers wings I'll swiftly fly,
To meet my Dick, whose roguish eye
Has stole my heart away.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

* This Air, composed by Mr. Shield, was introduced by Miss Catley, in *Love in a Village*, at the Theatre Royal, Dublin.

A C T II.

SCENE I. *The Fields.*

The Sergeant and the Cobbler's Wife sitting on a bench.

A I R VII. SHIELD.

BLUFF. *O, Now, my dear, pray dont be coy.*

KATE. *I protest you are uncivil.*

*Let go my arm---'twont give you joy
To cemmit so great an evil.*

BLUFF. *'Tis love, 'tis purest passion calls---*

KATE. *You are a vile wicked devil;*

*Your conduct now my breast enthrals---
I thought you always civil.*

*(At the end of the song, as Bluff has hold of
Kate's arm, Rawboy comes gaping up be-
hind them.)*

RAW. *(Behind.)* La! who's this?---Sarjant and
sister!---Ecod I believe they're about no good---La,
who would have thought Sarjant could be so cruel
as to harm sifter. *(Thrusting in his head between them)*
Sarjant! sifter! what's the matter?

(They are both surpris'd but presently recover.

D

KATE,

KATE. The matter! You unfeeling hog! Dont you see how I'm obliged to pull the Sergeant's arm: I'm afraid its broken, or out of joint.

RAW. O la! is that all; there was no answer Sarjant. (*Aside.*) Ecod I doubt my brother Lapstone is made a knight ere this.

KATE. Is that all! do ye say, ye hard-hearted wretch!

BLUFF. Ay, your brother's a good lad; but does not think it so bad as it is, else he'd pity me.---Oh!

RAW. How cam'st by it, Mr. Sarjant?

BLUFF. Going across the fields, to see what kept you so long; and leaping over a stile, I had the misfortune to fall; but a little after, I had the good luck to meet Mrs. Lapstone, going to Farmer Goosehead's, who kindly sat down on this bench, and has given it two or three pulls for fear it should be out of joint: I am much obliged to her. (*Feeling his arm all the while.*) Oh! those little twitching pains!

RAW. Give's hold on't, Sarjant---I'll pull it.

(*pulls it.*)

BLUFF. I'm afraid it's broken.

KATE. While I go to Farmer Goosehead's, do you go home with the sergeant to your mother's, Rawboy---I won't stay long. (*Exit.*)

RAW. (*Aside.*) Ecod I believe it is broak. How is't naw Sarjant? does't pain woundly?

BLUFF. I thank ye, Rawboy---it's a great deal easier.

RAW. I'm glad on't---mother always reckoned me a good phyfician; for I am the seventh son, and born a doctor: I should have been put 'prentice long ago to Horseleech the farrier; and i'faith I've a good mind to go yet, for i'd like to be a phyfician---of horses, cows, sheep, and asses.

BLUFF.

BLUFF. What ! do you go back in your word of honour ? do you make a *retrograde* march ?

(*Looking disdainfully at him.*)

RAW. I never made a *great* march as yet, Mr. Sarjant ; and am resolv'd to make no more. (*Taking the ribands out of his hat.*) There's your ribands--- they're not much worfe for wear, and may serve another fool for a day or two ; here's half a guinea, and four and sixpence for the punch ; and twenty shillings for smart-money---Ecod I think it's smart enough on poor Rawboy. (*Drops the ribands.*)

BLUFF. You little insignificant ram-rod ! (*Draws his sword, and going up to Rawboy, who retreats.*) If it was not for the respect I have for your family, I would instantly cut you in pieces ; but know, thou vile clodpole, that I'll force thee to march and countermarch over all the deserts of Arabia, where thy brains will be broil'd in thy head, thy tongue parch'd to the roof of thy mouth, and thy body burnt to a cinder---thou vile substitute for a soldier !---

RAW. Hold ye, hold ye, Mr. Sarjant, I an't 'tested yet ; and as I am a free-born Englishman, thou can't not force me, thou knowst.

BLUFF. (*Aside.*) Who the devil has been putting this into his head ? Force you, Rawboy ! no, upon second thoughts I'll have nothing to do with you ; I now despise you ; but after all, I know it has been some of your mud-headed companions that have been advising you to this piece of cowardly and dishonourable dealing ; for I always thought, and still think, that Rawboy is a lad of spirit, and very courageous.

RAW. (*Aside.*) Ecod I've a plaguy mind to go yet, for Sarjant thinks I'm very *outrageous*.

BLUFF. Inform me, Rawboy, like a man of honour, as I know you are, who advised you to this ?

RAW. Why, to say truth, Mr. Sarjant, 'twas Dick Cartwheel, the carman, and Tom Greafychin, the head cook but three at the George---the scullion I think they call him---They said as how I would be taken over seas and mountains, to be devoured by wild beasts.

BLUFF. And do you think, Rawboy, that I would act in so treacherous a manner to you or any one---do you? *(Looking fiercely at him.)*

RAW. Noa, noa---so I said, Mr. Sarjant---I said if I was to be swallowed up alive, I thought the French would get the first offer, and not wild beasticies.

BLUFF. I scorn to have any thing to do with a man, who will not go as a volunteer; the life of a soldier's the life of a gentleman, of a nobleman---even the King himself is but a soldier.

RAW. So I said to them, Sarjant.

A I R VIII. GEHOT.

BLUFF.

*A soldier is free from every care,
In peace he's always blest
With the heav'nly smiles of all the fair,
Who love a red-coat best.*

*In war, when British thunder's burl'd
On her enemies thro' all the world,
His martial bosom glows
With honour, with glory, and liberty :---
Our soldiers on land, our sailors on sea,
Fight only to keep their country free
From the insults of her foes.*

*In peace, or in war,
A soldier's by far
The happiest mortal that breathes.*

For in peace &c.

RAW. Ecod I believe I'll go yet. (*Aside.*)

BLUFF. You have seen General Volley, Rawboy?

RAW. Hundred times, Sarjant.

BLUFF. Why, he was at first but a single soldier:
he was made an ensign by seizing a pair of colours
from a French officer, whom he killed; and he like-
wise slew fifteen French dragoons, and ten foot
soldiers, in bringing them off.

RAW.

RAW. Lord, lord! what an *outrageous* man he must be sarjant!

BLUFF. Psha! that's but a trifle to what I have seen abroad. Why, last war, when I was at the siege of Quebec, the streets in the Lower Town were so much overflow'd with French mens' blood, that we could hardly get along; and the very river St. Lawrence itself was the colour of Claret!

RAW. What a monstrous fine bloody sight that must have been, Sarjant! I almost wish I had been there: 'twould have done my heart good to have seen it.

BLUFF. Ay, Rawboy: had you gone along with me as a volunteer, you'd either have made your fortune by being a general (for I see by your countenance you would have become a great man) or have slept in the *bed of honour* with all the heroes and princes of the world.

RAW. (*Aside.*) Ecod I should like to be a general, and have a nap in the bed of honour; for it certainly must be a mighty fine one where so many great folks lie.

BLUFF. But since you prefer the advices of Dick Cartwheel and Tom Greasychin to me, and would rather hear the creakings of a plough and harrow, than the warlike sounds of fife, drum, and cannon, you may go when you please.

RAW. Lard, Sarjant, it must be a fine life, indeed, to be a bloody gentleman soldier! Wilt take me? for ecod I've a mind to go yet.

BLUFF. Take you! What after you beat such an inglorious retreat! (*Aside.*) I must keep him off a little:---to place a horse-doctor in the same line with a general! No, no, I'm done with you, Rawboy.

RAW. O do, now, Sarjant; for I feel myself bold again!

BLUFF.

BLUFF. After you have basely trampled under foot those trophies of honour which made you a gentleman! which stamp'd you a hero!

RAW. (*Taking up the ribands, and putting them in his hat.*) I have put them in again; and I beg pardon of your worship and honour, and all the rest of your bloody foldiers: do, naw, Sarjant; and I'll give you some more punch.

BLUFF. What! you pioneer! you hand grenade! do you attempt to bribe an officer from doing his duty, and opening a treaty of accomodation by offering him a bowl of vile punch!

RAW. I don't mean to give you bad punch, Sarjant: it shall be made of the best rum I can get.

BLUFF. Hence instantly! and let me never view your wretched face within my lines of circumvallation, or I'll put you to the tortures of the sword.

RAW. Do, naw, Mr. Sarjant, I hope your bloody and great honour will pardon poor Rawboy. On my knees I beg of you!

BLUFF. Well; in consideration of the regard I have for your family (*drawing his sword, and laying it on his head*) rise once more a gentleman foldier. I restore you to all your honours; but hereafter, take care to march in the proper line of your duty, and never offer to desert your corps.

RAW. I never wull, Mr. Sarjant; and I'll be 'tested directly, if your honour pleases.

BLUFF. Well, come along then.

RAW. La! Sarjant! how happy I am that I'll be a general, and lie in the bed of honour all night! what a stout man I'll be every morning when I get up.

A I R X. SHIEL

RAWBOY.

*What a pleasure 'twill be for poor Rawboy to creep
 Into honour's grand bloody bed!
 With Sarjants, and kings, and queens to sleep!
 And drums and guns at his head!*

*How outrageous I'll be when I rise ev'ry day,
 To fight the wild beasts and the French!
 General Rawboy shall soon make them all run away,
 When eod this stout hand he does clench!*
 (Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Lapstone's House: LAPSTONE
 discovered.*

LAP. I'll hammer his brains out, the scoundrel!
 fills me dead drunk in my own house, and perhaps
 makes a cuckold of me before my face! I know
 no other use we have in the country for soldiers,
 than to steal our pigs and our poultry, and ravish our
 grandmothers, wives, and daughters:---But I'll pre-
 vent Rawboy's going along with him at least. How
 lucky it was that my friend, Kit Cabbage, the taylor,
 saw them going across the fields, arm in arm! O for
 a glass of patience! (*Goes to a table and fills a glass,
 which he drinks.*) Ay---now---Oh!---(*Holding the
 glass in his hand, and looking at it.*)---This is the only
 friend I have left in the world; for let me be never
 so dull, it always puts spirits into me---O the jade!

A I R

Of CASTLEBURY.

23

A I R X. S H I E L D.

LAPSTONE. (In a passion.)

*O ho, Mrs. Kate, have I found out your haunts!
Must you like your betters have always gallants?
Must poor Lapstone be stitch'd all the days of his life,
To such a cross grain'd piece of stuff for a wife?*

*Have a care, Mr. Bluff,
For you'll find me damn'd tough,
At both kick and cuff;
With awl and with hammer I'll peg you enough.*

With awl, &c.

But here she comes with the impudence of a highwayman's horse.

Enter K A T E.

KATE. Well, my dear, how do you find your head now?

LAP. (*Aside.*) O the double-sole'd jade! but I'll cobble up my passion for a little:---Rather heavier than it was before I fell asleep, my dear.

KATE. I am sorry for that; I thought a little nap would have clear'd and lighten'd it.

LAP. Of the punch it has; but I don't know how it is---Oh!---(*Putting his hand to his head.*) I have felt all this morning a terrible pain here; I'm afraid there's something growing. (*Taking her hand, and putting it to his head.*) Don't you feel two hard lumps here, like the stumps of trees, my love?

E

KATE.

KATE. Heavens! altho' innocent, I'm discovered! (*Aside.*) No, my dear, I can't feel any thing; but your head is very warm.

LAP. I can hold no longer---With passion it is, you jade---you think because I was drunk, I was dead---I was stupid, do you? you think I know nothing of your pranks with the Sergeant, do you? of your being tack'd together, arm in arm, across the fields?

KATE. Have a little patience, my dear.

LAP. Down on your knees instantly, and tell me nothing but the truth; inform me whether I am a cuckold or not; no hesitation; on your marrow-bones this moment. (*He forces her to kneel.*) Now take this hammer in your right hand, and this awl in your left---(*He puts them in her hands.*)---and say after me:---By this hammer and this awl, which cloaths my body, which satisfies my hunger, and which quenches my thirst, I have not as yet, nor never intends to make my true and lawful husband, Dick Lapstone, Cobler of Castlebury, a cuckold! (*She says it after him.*) Kiss them both. (*She kisses them.*) Now I am mostly satisfied; but what was the reason of your leaving me asleep, and going along with the Sergeant, huffy?

KATE. Well, Dick, as you've been so good as to believe that I never intended to be untrue to you, I'll tell you the whole.

LAP. That's a good girl, my dear; you'll always find me true to my last; but let's hear.

KATE. The Sergeant, I assure you, wanted to dishonour you.

LAP. Did he?---fill me a glass, that I may choak my passion. (*Drinks.*) Now I can hear you out with patience.

KATE. When you fell asleep, the Sergeant made love to me, and I consented---

LAP.

LAP. What!--

KATE. Seemingly, my dear, to his proposal; but I was resolved to tell you of his behaviour.

LAP. That was right, my little heel-piece.

KATE. Perceiving his wife stealing in behind us, and hearkening to our discourse, I just, merely for a bit of fun, and to vex her a little, consented to take a walk in the fields---and I frankly own to you, if I had not had more virtue than he had honour, you would have ere this been as arrant a cuckold as any in Castlebury.

LAP. O the deceiving traitorous son of blood!

KATE. But, my dear, in order that you may be witness to it, I appointed him to meet me here in half an hour.---I was determined to tell you.

LAP. That was right, my love! (*Kisses her.*) By my soul, I'm to meet the Sergeant's wife in a little here myself---but I must contrive to send Kate out of the way. (*Aside.*)---I'll have revenge!

KATE. I beg you will be a little calmer, my dear, else you may do some mischief.

LAP. No, no, my love---Oh, that's well remembered---you must go to Thickhide's, the leather-merchant, and bring me as much as will cut out four pair of soles, and six pair of heel-pieces---set off directly.

KATE. Can't you delay it for an hour or so, and till you have had proof of the Sergeant's villainy?

LAP. Of that I've had proof enough already, I think; but you'll be return'd ere he comes, if not, I'll leave him in the house, pretending to go about some business, meet you, and then I'll punish the villain.---By my awl! strap and hammer, I would not have served him so!

KATE. (*Aside.*) I'm afraid he may kill him in the heat of his passion; but I shan't stay long.---Farewell, my dear.

A I R XI. SHIELD.

K A T E.

• But let not fury urge you on
 To take away his life :
 Seldom or never's justice shewn
 In murder's cruel knife.

Be like the parent to his child,
 Whom folly leads astray,
 Expostulate with reason mild :
 For his amendment pray.

(Exit Kate.)

LAP. Pray for his amendment ! i'faith he's too
 old to mend ! his *sole* and *upper-leathers* are rotten
 long ago ! he's devilishly worse for wear ; and as
 for his life ! no, no ; I'll have nothing ado with
 lives ! I can heel-piece, new sole, or sew up a shoe ;
 but, faith, if I were to rip up a man, it would be
 a devilish hard job to stitch him up proper for wear
 again ! for the devil a bit of the *thread of life* I can
 buy any where !

Enter N A N C Y.

NAN. All's clear, I see. It was very lucky I slipt
 by Mrs. Lapstone just now without being perceiv'd.
 (*Coming forward softly.*) Hift ! hift ! Dick !

A I R

AIR XII. SHIELD.

NANCY.

Come, kind Dick, my only joy,
 Let us our affection prove;
 And the present hour employ;
 While our hearts are fill'd with love.
 Love, love each bosom fires,
 Teasing, pleasing both prince and swain;
 'Tis the sum of our desires:
 Soothing, smoothing every pain.
 Earthly treasure!
 Heav'nly pleasure!
 Finest feeling;
 Bliss revealing
 To the human soul.
 King of passions;
 In all nations
 All mighty Love's above controul.

Enter LAPSTONE.

LAP. My dear Mrs. Bluff! you are so true to your time! (*Kissing her.*) but did not you meet Kate!

NAN. I did; but pass'd by her unobserv'd.

LAP. Are you sure of that?

NAN. I am positive she could not know me, it is so very dark in your passage.

KATE.

KATE. (*Peeping in.*) Do yo think so, Mrs. Impudence! the Sergeant's wife, and my husband, as I live! This is Satan reproving sin! I am happy that I can bridle my anger, and look on them both with scorn! (*Aside.*)

LAP. What a pity it is, my dear Mrs. Bluff, that in this wicked world the men and women are not always pair'd equally.

KATE. Well, I could not have thought this! nor believ'd it, unless I had seen it! What an ungrateful vallain! (*Aside.*)

NAN. How pair'd, my dear Dick?

KATE. My dear Dick! The impudent jade.

(*Aside.*)

LAP. Why, I'll tell tell you. We'll suppose, my dear, we'll suppose Kate and I a pair of shoes; she sloop made, cut out of a coarse cow hide, rather better than a Scotch brogue, and I the best made English calf-skin pump, with a double row of stitching, and my upper-leathers and quarters neatly bound.---

KATE. I've a good mind never to see him again!

(*Aside.*)

LAP. Now mind me; how can ever that there coarse shoe, and this here fine neat-made pump either look well together, or wear alike; for the cow-hide being of a bad quality, do ye mind me, and not bound, will soon lose its sole, and its upper-leathers wont be worth the wearing.

NAN. Well, I vow, my dear, what you've said is very true.

LAP. I'm glad you think so: my love!

(*Taking her by the hand.*)

KATE. O! the base man! to speak so of me, and treat me thus, after all the vows of constancy he has made!

(*Aside.*)

A I R

A I R XIII. *Tune, I'll never leave thee.*

LAP. *My Nancy, I love you dear!*

NAN. *May I believe ye?*

LAP. *Throw off ev'ry foolish fear.*

NAN. *Pray don't deceive me!*

KATE. (Behind.) *Alas! my heart's like to burst!*

Nought can appease me!

Was ever poor girl so curst!

Death soon must ease me!

BLUFF. (Peeping in and speaking softly.) Mrs. Lapstone! Mrs. Lapstone! my dear Kate! where are you? I hope the sot her husband is out. (*Aside.*

KATE. The Sergeant's voice! but no, I scorn to be reveng'd at the expence of my virtue. (*Aside.*

LAP. (Pulling her.) Now's the time my sweet Mrs. Bluff!

NAN. O you men! you're so agreeable.

BLUFF. What! What! what the devil do I hear! Lapstone and my wife! (*Aside.*

NAN. Don't,---my dear Dick;---another time---

BLUFF. Blood and thunder! what a mine's here just going to be sprung! (*Aside.*

LAP. (Still pulling her.) Dont be afraid; no body will interrupt us: my wife is gone on a fool's errand, and your husband is besieging Quebec over a bowl of punch at the Harrow.

BLUFF. Think you so, you vile son of Crispin? what an ambushade! what a counterfeit! But I'll instantly run them both through. (*Draws his sword.*

NAN.

NAN. O you're so enticing !

LAP. One kiss---and then !

(Lapstone attempting to kiss her is seiz'd on by Kate, while the Sergeant takes hold of Nancy.)

KATE. Nay, I can't contain my rage no longer !
(To her husband.) Is this your villainous practices ?---is this my requital for being virtuous ?

BLUFF. And you, you deceitful *ambuscade* of infamy ! to surrender to a greasy cobbler !----But I'll this moment send you both on an expedition to eternity ! *(He is going to run them through, but is prevented by Kate and Rawboy.)*

Enter RAWBOY.

RAW. O la ! Sarjant, what's the matter ? I thought the house was on fire ; put by your sword, Sargant, this is no field of battle !

KATE. Hold, hold, Mr. Sergeant ; there's no crime committed which can provoke you to murder ; this is going too far ; I am the only one here that deserves to have revenge ; by your audacious attacks on my honour on the one side, and my husband's infidelity on the other---but, as my passion is abatad, I forgive you also.

RAW. Lard ! what does all this mean ? Ecod I know no more about it than the man in the moon.

NAN. I'm sure it was nothing but revenge that drove me to it ; but as Mrs. Lapstone is so good as to forgive me, I do her with all my heart.

LAP. Sergeant, give me your hand ; since our wives have sewed up their ill-nature, it would be cowardly in us not to follow their example.

BLUFF. Well, as I've always had the courage to *draw* my sword, I hope I shall never want the humanity to *sheath* it. *(Sheaths it.)* But you, ye little minx, *(To Nancy.)* how could you think of doing so ?

NAN.

NAN. How could you, my dear?

BLUFF. Well, no more of it---I have done.

RAW. Ecod I'm glad it's all done; I hope it is the last field battle I shall ever see fought in a house!--- And now, Sarjant, I've bid farewell to mother, sweetheart, and all acquaintances: I am ready and willing to set off to-morrow morning.

BLUFF. That's spoken with the spirit of an Englishman, Rawboy.

LAP. Kate, to celebrate our happy agreement, and drink success to thy brother in the army; let us have directly a bowl of punch, and spit a couple of your best fowls, that we may end the night in mirth and jolity.

F

FINALE.

The COBLER

F I N A L E.

BLUFF.

*Come, ye British youths so free,
Whose hearts beat high with liberty,
To arms, protect this queen of isles
From baughty France's crafty wiles.*

NANCY.

*Come ye too bewitching fair,
Take off the chains which does ensnare
Our martial heroes so renown'd,
And let them be with conquest crown'd.*

RAWBOY.

*Come ye brisk and jovial boys,
Come and hear the cannons' noise;
Come, come quickly, follow me;
We'll beat our foes by land and sea.*

KATE.

*Come ye young and come ye old;
In freedom's cause be always bold:
'Tis death to live, 'tis life to die,
If we are rob'd of liberty.*

LAP-

LAPSTONE.

*Come ye jarring parties all,
Your private feuds and spleen let fall:
Unite, and we'll soon overthrow
Britannia's vain and faithless foe.*

CHORUS.

Come ye jarring parties all, &c.

FINIS.